

1495
SONGS, DUETS,
TRIO'S, CHORUSSES,

A N D

F I N A L E S,

I N

K
C A L Y P S O:

A SERIO-COMIC

O P E R A.

WRITTEN BY

Robert Houlton

THE AUTHOR OF GIBRALTAR, ORPHEUS
BURLESQUED, DOUBLE-STRATAGEM, &c.

D U B L I N:

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M,DCC,LXXXV.

SONGS, DUETS,
TRIOS, CHORUSES,

AND

FINALES.

IN

CHAP. 2.



OF THE

WRITTEN BY

THE AUTHOR OF GIBBART'S ORPHEUS
THEATRE OF DONCEVATOWN, &c.

DUBLIN:

W. R. MARCHBANK, No. 11, DUBLIN.

MCCCLXXV.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE WRITER of the OPERA of CALYPSO has in some passages of the Dialogue, between MENTOR and TELE-MACHUS, kept close to the language of the history; proud of acknowledging, that he was happy to avail himself of conceptions, which fell from the pen of the very celebrated CAMBRAY.

DUBLIN, APRIL 9th, 1785.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ULISSES,	Mr. WILDER.
TELEMACHUS,	Mr. WOOD.
MENTOR,	Mr. SWINDAL.

RORICLES, alias RORY, (follower of Telemachus)	} Mr. MOSS.
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FREDON, alias FREDY, (follower of Uliſſes)	} Mr. O'REILLY.
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NEPTUNE,	Mr. CORRY.
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MERCURY,	Mr. WATERHOUSE.
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CUPID,	Miss WOOD.
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GRIMBAL, (a half-witted savage)	Mr. GLENVILLE.
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CALYPSO,	Mrs. SPARKS.
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EUCHARIS,	} Mrs. BILLINGTON.
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CELIMA,	} Madam SESTINI.
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ANGELA,	} Miss JARRET.
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CLORIS,	} Mrs. HITCHCOCK.
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MELLIPE,	} Mrs. O'REILLY.
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VENUS,	Miss HITCHCOCK.
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Nymphs of
Calypso.

Several other Nymphs.

C A L Y P S O:

OR

LOVE AND ENCHANTMENT.

A C T I.

ANGELA.

O'ER Calypso's flow'ry plains,
Bright-born pleasure ever reigns;
Care is no intruder here,
Gay content smiles all the year.

Chorus.

Happy we, how blest our state!
Free from sorrow, free from pain,
Boldly we can laugh at fate,
Since immortal here we reign.

CLORIS.

Gay some mirth beguiles the day,
Blissful dreams o'er fancy stray,
Time enliven'd rolls along,
Cheerful as the jocund song.

Chorus.

CELIMA.

CELIMA.

Sit we by the bubbling stream,
Social joys around us beam ;
Stray we by the poplar grove,
All is harmony and love.

Chorus.

II.

CALYPSO.

Cupid rack my heart no more,
Give my tender bosom rest,
Or thy subtle poison pour
In Uliſſes frozen breast ;
What avails my ſov'reign ſway,
Why immortal was I born,
If to diſcontent a prey,
If my love meets no return !

III.

CELIMA.

Little Urchin, love inſpiring,
Don't you read our tender pain ?
Miſtreſs, maids, all ſighing, dying,
All in want of Hymen's chain ;
Quick befriend us,
Sweethearts ſend us,
We will not long cruel be ;
Smiling, jeering,
Nothing fearing,
If the ſwains ſhould make too free.

Venus

Venus too, great queen of beauty,
 Bid thy son our suit approve;
 We'd be glad to learn our duty,
 In the tender art of love;
 Quick befriend us, &c.

IV.

ULISSES.

My cheek long estranged to a smile,
 Depriv'd by Calypso of rest,
 Imprison'd within her dread isle,
 She's planted a thorn in my breast.

'Tho' beauty invites my embrace,
 And pleasure displays all her art,
 Their magic shall never efface,
 Penelope, pride of my heart.

If waking, I'm ever to mourn,
 I ne'er can to Ithaca roam;
 Ye Gods, let me dream a return,
 And fancy deceive me with home.

V.

D U E T.

CALYPSO.

Stay, Ulysses, stay with me,
 Share my immortality,
 'Tis a goddess seeks your love,
 Worthy of her passion prove.

ULISSES.

ULISSES.

Let Uliſſes hence depart,
Grateful ever will he prove,
From his boſom take love's dart,
He's no ſecond heart to give.

CALYPSO.

Stay, Oh ſtay!——

ULISSES.

—— To go, grant leave.

CALYPSO.

Neptune dread ——

ULISSES.

—— His ſtorm I'll brave.

BOTH.

How cruel, diſtreſſing,
Thus to frustrate my love,
My ſoul all poſſeſſing,
Still a victor I'll prove.

VI.

ANGELA.

How my heart is all alarmed,
Since I've met the creature man,
With the novelty I'm charm'd,
Blame me, miſtreſs, if you can.

You

You have got Uliſſes brave,
 I have only ſeen his man,
 I'll like you a ſweetheart have,
 Blame me, miſtreſs, if you can.

Books can little pleaſure bring,
 When we only read of man;
 But his preſence makes me ſing,
 Blame me, miſtreſs, if you can.

VII.

FREDY.

Once in Greece I lov'd a fair,
 She was reckon'd handſome, ah!
 But was nothing to compare,
 With my little Angela.

Frisk about,

Brave and ſtout,

With my little Angela.

Of my Grecian ſweetheart, I
 Soon grew ſick and tired, ah!
 But, I'm ſure, I'd live and die,
 With my little Angela.

Night and day,

I cou'd play,

With my little Angela.

At my former love I'd gaze,
 Without heat or ſcorching, ah!

But I'm now all in a blaze,

For my little Angela;

Piping hot,

And what not,

For my little Angela.

B

MERCURY.

VIII.

MERCURY.

Obey, obey, without delay,
The sov'reign will of Jove,
Whose thunders roll, from pole to pole,
And shake the realms above;
Then mortals hear, and ever fear,
To disobey his law,
Whose lightnings fly, through all the sky,
And keep the world in awe.

IX.

CELIMA.

Ev'ry charm will I display,
To deserve and win his favour,
Strive to steal his heart away,
And persuade him then to leave her.
I will sigh,
Wink an eye,
Nod and leer,
Say, my dear,
Love your Celima, and have her.
Ev'ry art will I employ,
To possess him, and deceive her,
To supplant him—oh, what joy,
And myself put into favour.
I will sigh, &c.

FINALE.

F I N A L E.

NEPTUNE.

See, Goddess, from the deep I come,
To make my angry billows foam,
With Æolus in haste to form,
On Ocean's breast a dreadful storm.

CALYPSO.

Thanks, Neptune, thanks, I own thy pow'r,
For see the Heav'ns begin to low'r,
Come, nymphs, let's shelter from the skies,
While rains descend, and whirlwinds rise.

NEPTUNE.

Now, God of Winds, unite with me,
To swell the gale, and rouse the sea.
Blow, Boreas, blow, with all thy might,
Waves dash on waves, with furious spite.
Flash lightnings—thunders shake the pole,
While fatal mountain billows roll.

Ha ! ha ! ha ! ha !—(*Neptune sinks, and
storm continues.*)

T R I O.

MENTOR, TELEMACHUS, and RORY.

Save us, save us, pow'rs above,
Save us, save us, mighty Jove ;
Guardian angels hasten near,
Let us land in safety here.

CALYPSO.

CALYPSO.

Rash mortals stop, how dare you land,
Without Calypso's free command;
I sway this isle, and death ordain,
To strangers that approach its plain.

TELEMACHUS.

O queen, whose charms were ne'er outshone,
O pity brave Ulysses son!

CALYPSO. (*Aside.*)

Brave Ulysses's son!
I'm bless'd above measure,
What a prize have I won,
What a joy, what a measure!

D U E T.

CELIMA.

Pray, ma'am, relent,

ANGELA.

The Gods have sent,

BOTH.

These men unto our aid.

CALYPSO.

I do relent,
Go quick, prepare,
Some choicest robes
For these our care.

GRIMBAL.

GRIMBAL.

What men are these so near?

RORY.

The devil, the devil is here—

GRIMBAL.

I will pierce ye.

RORY.

Jove have mercy!

GRIMBAL.

Hear me—

RORY.

Devil!

GRIMBAL.

Fear me.

RORY.

Devil!

CALYPSO.

Monster, away!

CHORUS.

Away, away, and quick prepare,
The costly robe, and dainty fare,
Calypso here a goddess reigns,
O'er happy nymphs, and happy plains.

END OF ACT I.

A C T II.

I.

TELEMACHUS.

DREAD will I her smile that lies
 Deep within her wily heart,
 Dread the language of her eyes,
 Eyes that wound with too much art;
 'Gainst th' enchantment of her tongue,
 'Gainst her softness shield my breast,
 List not to her plaintive song,
 Lest it robs my mind of rest.

II.

RORY.

What a bonfire's lit in my breast,
 Until that my share I have chosen,
 I wonder the fix I'll like best,
 Perhaps I shall love the whole dozen;
 With one I'll begin,
 The second take in,
 The third soon attack,
 The fourth in a crack,
 The fifth I'll next fix,
 Then make up the fix.

Six sweethearts may do for a time,
 Until that a man can get more,
 But here it is surely no crime,
 So scarce are the men to've a score.

The

The seventh I'll try,
The eighth by the by,
The ninth shall surrender,
The tenth tho' quite tender,
Eleventh next chosen,
Then make up the dozen.

III.

CELIMA.

Happy spirits e'er that wait
Round Calypso's peaceful isle,
Guard her blissful social seat,
From false lovers treach'rous guile;
Distant far from these abodes,
Let designing man remain,
None but fav'rites with the gods,
Hither waft us o'er the main.

IV.

CALYPSO.

Ev'ry charm and ev'ry grace,
Glowing fancy e'er can paint,
Earnest sue thy fond embrace,
Wait to bless without restraint;
Cheer thy mind with rising joy,
Blooming pleasures now invite,
Pleasure here can never cloy,
Endless source of pure delight.

EUCHARIS.

V.

EUCCHARIS.

Gentle as the breath of morn,
 Love first steals upon the heart,
 Softly whisp'ring, soon as born,
 All that rapture can impart ;
 Once he lights his lambent fire,
 Soon he grows it to a flame,
 Warms the bosom with desire,
 Reason strives in vain to tame.

VI.

ANGELA.

Genius of enchantment fly,
 From thy airy seat on high,
 Hither haste—assist a maid,
 Speedy with thy magic aid ;
 To expose inconstant love,
 All thy force of power prove,
 Make the rocks to sink away,
 Shew the ingrates to the day.

QUARTETTO.

VII.

FREDY.

Pity shew our hard condition—
[Wriggling in pain.]

RORY.

We are full of sad contrition,

BOTH.

BOTH.

We confess our wicked schemes,
And beg pardon for our crimes.

CELIMA.

Stay there till you both repent,

ANGELA.

'Tis too soon yet to relent—

BOTH.

There remain in doleful plight,
Sighing, groaning all the night.

RORY.

I shall tumble—

CELIMA.

— If you please, sir,

FREDY.

I'll be humble—

ANGELA.

— When at ease, sir.

RORY and FREDY.

What shall we do?

CELIMA and ANGELA.

— Sigh and cry, ah!

C

RORY

RORY and FREDY.

Oh! oh! oh! oh!

CELIMA and ANGELA.

Ha! ha! ha! ha!

VIII.

CLORIS.

When a girl a lover knows,
Not with admiration dumb,
She may listen to his vows,
But direct him to be—mum.
Meet him here,
Meet him there,
But direct him to be—mum.

Should he talk of darts and blifs,
And with Love is overcome,
She may let him steal a kifs,
But direct him to be—mum—
If he's fond,
Squeeze his hand,
But direct him to be—mum—

When the maid her fwain has wed,
Let no smarler bite his thumb,
They've a right to go to bed,
Draw the curtains and be—mum—
Marriage joys—
Girls and boys—
Draw the curtains and be—mum—

FINALE.

F I O N A L E.

IX.

CALYPSO.

Hither haste, ye tuneful nine,
All my chosen nymphs inspire,
With your harmony divine,
To awaken soft desire.

TELEMACHUS.

'Gainst her wiles I'll guard my heart,
Worthy great Ulysses prove,
Tho' she strives by ev'ry art,
To entice the mind to love.

CALYPSO.

Fill the wreath-bound goblet high,
Nectar offer to my guest,

TELEMACHUS.

Lurking mischief I descry,
Wine shall not inflame my breast.

CALYPSO.

Now the graceful dance prepare,
Move with winning love-born air—

Wake ye nymphs, a strain divine,
Worthy of the tuneful nine.—

TRIO.

TRAMO.

EUPHARIS.

Happy he who finds a friend,
Like Calypso, sprung from Jove,
Gentle youth your mind unbend,
Listen to the voice of love.

CELIMA.

Endless pleasures here await,
Him our Goddess shall approve,
To enjoy a blissful state,
Listen to the voice of love.

ANGELA.

Sweet content and smiling joy,
Ever bless us from above,
Rapture here can never cloy,
List then to the voice of love.

EUPHARIS, ANGELA, and CELIMA.

Sweet content, &c.

TELEMACHUS.

I will fly this tempting scene,
I will shun the artless queen—

CALYPSO.

Haste not, noble youth away,
Pleasure courts you here to stay—

TELEMACHUS.

TELEMACHUS.

I will fly——

CALYPSO and NYMPHS.

Stay, Oh stay——

TELEMACHUS.

Mentor calls——

NYMPHS.

Our queen obey——

CALYPSO and NYMPHS.

Chorus.

Haste not, noble youth away,
Pleasure courts you here to stay——

TELEMACHUS.

I will hasten now away,
Prudence bids me not to stay.

END OF ACT II.

A C T — III.

I.

CUPID.

SLILY with my little dart,
I'll attack the tender heart,
Set the bosom all on fire,
Fill it full of soft desire.

II.

VENUS.

Cupid dear to me and Fame,
Soon shall light his little flame,
Warm the youthful hero's heart
By his fly and winning art ;
He shall speedy sigh in turn,
And with glowing passions burn,
Love shall conquer in the end,
To his power all must bend.

III.

EUPHARIS.

Spare, O youth, my blushing cheek,
Ought a maid profess her love,
When her eyes too plainly speak,
And her tender passion prove ;

Ask

Ask no more—I can but say,
 You shall find me true and kind,
 I must hasten now away,
 But will leave my heart behind.

IV.

TELEMACHUS.

Reason come, thy power prove,
 Teach me passion to subdue,
 Yet forsake me not, O Love,
 'Till I have ta'en a last adieu,
 While I strive the shaft to tear
 From my bosom, lost to rest,
 I shall closer press I fear
 Cupid's Arrow to my Breast.

V.

CLORIS.

There we'll more to you confess,
 There we'll open each her heart,
 Hear Love's winning soft address,
 Void of treach'ry, void of art.

There we'll hear you gently sigh,
 Murm'ring out your am'rous tale,
 But beware you forge no lie,
 Nor the naked truth conceal.

Both be honest and sincere,
 We ungrateful will not prove,
 But in turn to you we'll swear,
 We will merit all your love.

DUET.

D U E T.

VI.

CLORIS.

We'll plot and contrive,

MELLIPE.

Some Plan that's so merry,

CLORIS.

So cunning——

MELLIPE.

—— So funny——

BOTH.

To make us sing derry
Down, derry down, derry.

VII.

EUPHARIS.

To vallies invite does my song,
Where echo shall cherish the strain,
To Woodlands trip merrily on,
And rouse the fleet stag to the plain;
Though he flies us by each wily art,
Our arrows shall slacken his pace,
Like Cupid, we'll aim at his heart,
And love shall enliven the chace.

CELIMA.

VIII.

CELIMA.

Cease, inconstant, roving lover,
 Cease to stray from fair to fair,
 Shou'd a maid her heart discover,
 To her passion prove sincere;
 Like the bee, if giv'n to changing,
 Sweets possess'd you treat with scorn,
 While from flow'r to flow'r you're ranging
 May you often find a thorn.

D U E T.

IX.

RORY.

First on rocks they perch'd us,
 Worse than on a gallows,
 And with pains that search'd us,
 Punish'd us, poor fellows;
 O poor Rory, Rory,
 What a hapless Lover,
 Sad, alas, our story,
 Fredy, don't discover.

FREDY.

Then were we, poor asses,
 Bound to trees and roasted;
 Tantalized with kisses,
 And with passion toasted.
 O poor Fredy, Fredy,
 What a hapless lover,
 Sad, alas, our story,
 Rory, don't discover.

D

BOTH.

BOTH.

I'll have done with roving,
 Love I'll have no more of t,
 O 'tis very moving,
 I have got a surfeit.
 O poor Rory, &c,
 O poor Fredy, &c.

X.

CALYPSO.

Now Love's too subtle poison steals
 Thro' all the softness of my frame,
 Now jealous Rage her sting reveals,
 And maddens secret Passion's flame;
 Ye Gods, quick pour a soothing balm
 Within Calypso's wounded breast,
 Her peace return, her spirits calm,
 And lull her troubled mind to rest,

F I N A L E.

CELIMA.

Love we'll banish from our isle,
 For the joys of social bliss,
 Strive again in Peace to smile,
 And regain lost happiness.

CHORUS,

Endless pleasures wisdom yields,
 Pleasures that can never cloy,
 Reason is the best of Shields,
 Virtue gives the purest joy

ANGELA.

ANGELA.

Cupid play'd his tricks a while,
With my little tender heart,
But no more he shall beguile,
I'll henceforth defy his art.

Chorus.

EUPHARIS.

Come dear calm of life once more,
Come with all thy happy train,
Since Love's triumph now is o'er,
Let us taste sweet peace again,

T H E E N D.

[27]

Answer.

Cupid play his tricks a while,
With me his arrows bear;
But no more he shall be able
To torment me, his art

Clara.

BUCHANAN.

Come, dear, calm of his once more,
Come, my dear, my happy train,
Since love's torment now is o'er,
Let us taste sweet peace again.

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T H E E N D .

